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Pro-Slavery.

From the Charleston Mercury.

TO THE REV. AND HON. J. G. PALFREY, M. C.

Felix, qui potest servos cognoscere canas.
Atque metus omnis, et inexorabile fatum
Subiecti pedibus, strepimus quo Acheronis avari.

SIR:—The happiness which the Mantuan bard ascribes to those whose minds have been freed by philosophy from all groundless fears, has, I presume, for many years been yours.

Trained at Harvard in all liberal arts, and exercising for the greater part of your life the Christian Ministry, you ought to be one of the last persons in our country to waste your energies in needless panics, and spend your declining days in efforts which are worse than Quixotic. Pardon me if I speak plainly. The matters at issue between us call for faithful dealing, and as I write over my own signature you will not, I am satisfied, complain of the utmost candor, provided it be accompanied with that courtesy which becomes a gentleman and a Christian, and above all, a Christian Minister.

Though personally unknown to you, I am a son of your Alma Mater, and frequently, while a student, attended your ministrations in Boston, in company with an honoured friend now no more.

I regret to see that you have become a political Abolitionist, and that your chief aim in Congress seems to be to urge forward, through that body, an emancipation of our negroes.

That you are influenced by philanthropic motives, I will not presume to question. That you confidently look forward to ultimate success, I take for granted. That you are sustained and cheered in your progress by that inward testimony of meaning right and doing right, which every conscientious person prizes so highly, it is not for me to gainsay. It is not with your conscience that I have at present to deal. My wish is to address myself entirely to your judgment, and, if possible, to convince you by solid arguments and straight-forward statements, that, as a politician, you are pursuing the very worst course to attain your ends.

You wish Slavery to be abolished in the United States. You desire that those of the Sisters of the Union, who promote the institution of domestic service should give it up, and place their slaves on a footing with themselves as freemen, and entitled to all the privileges of freemen. This is the cause to which, as I understand it, you would be far more congenial to your taste and former pursuits, you are mingling in the dust and strife of the political arena, and measuring unequal weapons with professed statesmen.

Of the evils of Slavery I mean not to speak. Perhaps if you had been labouring as long as I have to emancipate our slaves from the bondage of sin and Satan, you would attach less importance to a mere temporal condition. Or if you can produce in any part of Africa better specimens of the race than are to be found in a state of servitude in the Southern States, I shall be surprised. But I desire to meet you on your own ground, and would show how impossibly you are in your measure.

As an American citizen you of course admit that the Constitution of the United States is to be rigidly adhered to. Nor do I suppose you would be willing to triumph in your cause, if your car had to roll over the ruins of our Federal Republic. You are doubtless a man of Law and Order. Has it never struck you that this whole movement of political abolitionism is altogether disorganized, and can only succeed by breaking down the compromises of the Constitution? Suppose you had an abolition majority in Congress and an abolition President, and a law should pass abolishing Slavery in the United States, do you imagine that such an enactment could invalidate my right and title to slaves in South Carolina—a right which I inherit under the Constitution and laws of my native State, and in the enjoyment of which, as of all other property, I can claim protection of the United States Government itself? How, let me ask, could a law of Congress, abolishing Slavery, be enforced in South Carolina? On this question, there is no difference of sentiment amongst us. We all agree that against law so palpably unconstitutional, "Nullification is the rightful remedy," nor would there be found in our borders a single individual willing to serve as United States agent in carrying into effect such an enactment.

What then would you have done in such a case? Would you avail yourself of the Force Bill, and, marching an army of volunteers into South Carolina, compel her, at the point of the bayonet, to emancipate her slaves? I cannot suppose you prepared for this; but if you are, be assured she should not falsify her ancient motto: "Animis opibus parati." Divided as her sons were in 1833, at present, on almost all questions, certainly on this, they are one from seaboard to mountain; and even her adopted citizens from other States are ready to stand or fall with her institutions as guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. So that the true question for yourself and associates at the North to settle, before you urge on your measures through Congress, is whether, in order to emancipate our negroes, you are prepared to overrun our Commonwealth with fire and sword, and compel us to comply with your impracticable theories. It ill becomes one to boast of his State; and should either you or I grow belligerent in our sentiments, we might receive a gale from the Silenus of Virgil:

"Quoniam cancer reges et proles, Cyathus aures bellit, et admonuit; Pastorem, Tityre, pingues Pascere oportet oves deductio dicere carnes."

Still let me say, we have more than one Palmer to Regiment; and contending "pro aris et focis" is such a servile war as some of you seem disposed to wage, our very daughters would emulate our sons, and leave the index of our soil little to be proud of. Have you forgotten the Revolutionary history? Did Tarleton and Cornwallis find it easy to subdue Carolina, or to keep her subdued?

But I will not do you the injustice of suspecting that you look to the sword as the emancipator. Possibly your object is to imitate Great Britain, and induce Congress to purchase the freedom of our slaves, even as she did in her West India Colonies. Indeed, it has struck me with surprise that the Abolitionists had not named this project of a purchase. This would be honest and fair, and while I hope none are so ignorant of the essential difference between the relations of these States to the General Government and those of the British Colonies to the mother country, as to suppose that anything like the West India apprenticeship system could be forced upon the slaveholding States by any act of Congress, yet it would have a semblance of justice. We should

receive something like an equivalent for the proper

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Corresponding Editor.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1848.

WHOLE NUMBER 419.

Selections.

From the New York Globe.

SLAVERY IN THE MIDST OF LIBERTY.

by which we should surrender to the tender consciences of our Northern brethren. Yet such a scheme has not been broached in the only place where it would seem appropriate—in the Halls of Congress itself.

May I not presume that you have some reasons for not imitating the philanthropists of Great Britain in their West India movement? I will not here cite good British authorities to show that their effort has proved a failure. Nor will I invite you to contemplate the prospect of the whole of the West India Islands becoming confederated with the Southern States in case you should drive us out of the Union by your aggressive and offensive movements on the subject of Slavery. But I will only ask one or two questions as to the apprentices scheme. First: Where is the money to come from to purchase our negroes? Certainly not from the Abolitionists. For while they spend, I understand, a good deal in printing pamphlets, &c. to enlighten the public mind upon the evils of Slavery and the blessings of abolition, they seem to overlook what is to us in the South seems a perfectly sensible and practical way of exhibiting their sympathy, viz.: buying up as many of their African brethren as they chose to do, and disposing of them afterwards precisely as they please. Has Congress funds enough to pay us for our slaves? Certainly not—with special taxation. Will our Northern brethren submit to special taxation for this purpose? Will they give a little more for their tea and coffee, and sugar and salt, to procure for the negroes the sweets of liberty? I apprehend not. We at the South have been long complaining that the effect of Northern legislation has been to diminish the profits of slave labour, and to prevent us from giving to our operatives even as many of the comforts of life as we desire to do. If to put money in their own purses, our Northern friends are willing to curtail our ability to better the physical condition of our slaves, in any way that we wish, is it likely that they will pay out money in the shape of a tax in order to purchase their emancipation?

But again: What is to be done with the slaves, should their freedom be purchased? Will you remove them or are they to settle here. Will you buy our lands too? Or must we adopt an agrarian system, and divide these with our negroes, share and share alike? Well, suppose it done on the most approved scale, under the very eye of commissioners appointed by Congress, say Mr. Hale, Mr. Giddings and yourself. Are you, Sir, an unacquainted, I will not say with the state of things at the South, but at the North, as not to see that the question you are upon us is not emancipation, but amalgamation? The negroes at the North are already emancipated, but do they amalgamate? In your recent speech in Congress, you tried to show how, in solitary instances, an approximation to amalgamation had taken place, but the offence you naturally felt at the reasonable inquiry of a member from Tennessee, whether you would be willing that the coloured boy, whom you spoke of as "rivalizing" for the honours of Harvard your own son and the son of my friend Mr. Rhett, should be admitted into full and free social intercourse with your family, satisfied me that you are not prepared for the very results after which you are professedly aiming.

If the conventional usages of society, even in free Massachusetts, would render disagreeable to your family the sociable visits and equal friendship of one so "charming" as the coloured youth you described, how can you be urging us at the South to educate and emancipate our slaves, when it is by no means certain that even you or your household have so divested yourselves of what some call prejudices of education as to receive them on a footing of social equality, though we should turn them out dandies and belles of the first water?

"De gustibus non," &c. is true all the world over; and if you in old Massachusetts, whence negro slavery has been banished so long, still prefer for your associates those of fair complexions and straight hair, why are you so zealous for forcing us in South Carolina to evince a lofty superiority to the usual standards of taste and sentiment among Anglo-Saxons, and place at our side, in the field, at the desk, at the bar, in the pulpit, in the deliberative assembly, at the council board, or at the family hearth, those who know, by every day's experience, to be our inferiors in all respects, and whose appearance and pedigree are associated in our minds with barbarians their fatherland, and viciousness and servitude in our own?

A politician who is unable or unwilling to carry out his own measures receives little confidence and deserves less. A Christian pastor who "seeks not his own road," but prescribes for others the steep and thorny road, whilst he himself the primrose path of daliantea treads," would be counted ungracious on higher authority than that of Shakespeare. Permit me, then, candidly to say, that when you shrank on the floor of Congress from the homely but pertinent question propounded to you by Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, viz.: (I quote from the report in the *Charleston Mercury* of the 17th April.)

"Whether, if that boy had lived, he would have been willing to introduce him into his family—that he should become an associate of his daughter—her associate in marriage?" and when the next day you appeared to resent the inquiry as disrespectful, you gave up the whole cause of abolition, so far as it is a practical, political, and social question; and you satisfied some of us here at the South as to what we have long wished to know—that, if he should send on our emancipated serving men and serving women to aristocratic Boston, with the east-of-clothing and assumed manners of their ci-devant masters and mistresses, they would at once be welcomed into the upper circles as the first fruits of voluntary abolition. If, dear Sir, you are not quite ready to receive them as gentlemen and ladies there, be not provoked that we retain them in the position in which God's Providence has placed them here.

I am as fond of theory as you or any other Bostonian can be, and presume that on the subject before us it would be difficult to name a speculation that has not, at some time or other, passed through my mind. But I like to be economical in experiments, and try them first on a small scale. It costs nothing but a little ingenuity to devise a theory; while experiments, especially if conducted by your large-minded and large-hearted men and women, cost often not only money, but what even in New England is worth more than money—blood. And before we Southern philanthropists (for we love all men, even our slaves, if you can credit it) permit our consciences to be instructed, our feelings to be touched by the distant appeal of Northern friends, we wish you to unfold your programme, and explain your modus operandi.

Warm as our hearts may be under a June sun, we try to keep our brains cool as your own Fresh Pond ice; and would regard our Alma Mater, whether at Cambridge or Columbia, or it may beat our own paternal domicil, under the auspices of "mother wit," disgraced by our folly, if we permitted the good citizens of the Bay State to try their hands at reforming the social condition of the African race in South Carolina, while amalgamation is scouted in Boston. The Chinese have a maxim worthy of note: "Those who expend their charity on remote objects," writes Sir John Davis, in his Chapter on Chinese Aphorisms—"Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to hang a lantern on a post, which is seen afar, but gives no light below." Do n't know that many of your Northern philanthropists are obnoxious to the charge, that we Southern philanthropists (for we love all men, even our slaves, if you can credit it) permit our consciences to be instructed, our feelings to be touched by the distant appeal of Northern friends, we wish you to unfold your programme, and explain your modus operandi.

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selections.

— Much has been said about the Anti-Slavery principles of some who united in this movement. He was not responsible for the principles of others; but for himself, whatever others might be, he was proud to believe that none could doubt the sincerity of his Anti-Slavery principles.

With those principles he had entered into life, and to them, under every change of circumstances, he had steadfastly adhered, until they seemed incorporated with his very nature and could not be removed; they were part and parcel of himself; they were like his skin, and to get rid of them they must tear away both skin and muscle, and leave nothing but the skeleton behind. [Loud applause.] *

* For years he had endured the toil and strife,—nor did he ever pause until the fetter was struck from the limb of the slave, and throughout the wide extent of the British dominions every man was alike blessed in the enjoyment of freedom. (Cheers.)

That noble act of justice and humanity was an honour to the nation that performed it, and he hoped that the glory of such an act would never be dimmed by conduct inconsistent with it. *

* * * * * "He had heard that reports had been circulated by those who were opposed to the present meeting, that their object was to bring Slavery into this Hall, except to defend our people from the encroachments of that institution, let them now rise and sustain their charges with proof. [Mr. G. paused a moment, and then resumed.] Mr. Speaker, where are those gentlemen who made these charges? Why, Sir, "they now roar you gently as sucking doves."

I now proceed to examine the case before us. I repeat, that the claim is entirely unsupported by proof. But the petitioner states that she is the widow of Benjamin Hodges, late of Maryland; that he owned a slave who, in 1814, was taken away in August of that year, by the British army, on their return from this city to the Chesapeake Bay. Now,

Sir, this statement of the case gives the petitioner no claim upon this Government, unless we have become sojourned by some act of ours. This seems well understood by the petitioner, and by the Committee who reported the bill. They therefore refer to our treaty of peace with Great Britain, signed at Ghent on the 24th December, 1814; the first article of which provides, "that each party shall evacuate all territory, places, and possessions, taken during the war," without destruction, or carrying away any of the artillery or other public property originally captured in said forts or places, and which shall remain thereupon the exchange of ratifications of this treaty, or any slaves or other private property."

Our Government claimed, under this treaty, that England should pay our slaveholders for all slaves taken from our shores by the British fleet when they left our coast. England refused, and the subject was referred to the Emperor of Russia. He decided that the British Government was bound to pay for slaves thus carried away when they left our shores, after the signing of the treaty. This led to the treaty of St. Petersburg, dated the 17th of June, 1822, of the first article of which provision is made for establishing a board, consisting of two commissioners and two arbitrators, to determine the claims presented by the people of this Government. This board were constituted the joint agents of both Governments. His Britannic Majesty appointed one commissioner and one arbitrator; and the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, appointed the other commissioner and arbitrator. England never trusted this board to Congress for distribution; that was to be done by the joint commission. The second article provided for the ascertaining of the average value of slaves.

The third article reads as follows: "We will have no constitutional power to do with it. Its blessings and its curses, its evils and its benefits, its vices, its crimes, its guilt, and its disgrace, are yours. Keep them to yourselves. We will not contaminate our moral or our political purity by any participation in them."

Even during this present discussion, gentlemen have complained that we Northern men are striving to extend our power over Slavery. This is their perennial cry on all occasions. Why, Sir, from the time I first took my seat in this Hall to the present day, I have opposed all attempts to connect Slavery with this Government. I repeat what I said a few days since, that as early as 1842, I was driven from my seat in this body for presenting a resolution denying the power of the Federal Government to involve the free States in the support of the coastwise slave trade.

Mr. Holmes, of South Carolina, interrupted Mr. Giddings, who yielded him the floor. He then stated that Mr. Giddings was not censured for presenting such resolutions, but for presenting a petition for dissolving the Union, and surreptitiously sending it to a committee of this House.

Mr. Giddings insisted, Sir, that we have no constitutional power to investigate this subject of Slavery. It is an indignity to the people of our free States. They sent us here for no such object. I say to gentlemen of the South, "Take care of your Slavery in your own way; we will have nothing to do with it. Its blessings and its curses, its evils and its benefits, its vices, its crimes, its guilt, and its disgrace, are yours. Keep them to yourselves. We will not contaminate our moral or our political purity by any participation in them."

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Mr. Holmes (interrupting Mr. Giddings) repeated what he had previously said.

Mr. Giddings resumed. The gentleman is entirely mistaken; his assertion is false, though surely not so intended.

Mr. Gayle called Mr. Giddings to order.

Mr. Giddings responded. Sir, I well know the gentlemen from South Carolina is incapable of asserting an intentional falsehood. And his persisting in the assertion is conclusive proof of his demerit. I repeat, that in no instance, from my advent into this Hall down to the present day, have I ceased to oppose all interference with Slavery. I have endeavoured, to the extent of my humble powers, to separate the Government and the people of the United States from all connection with it. I shall continue to do so, and thenceforward and tens of thousands of others are exerting their moral and political influence to effect that object, and we shall not cease our exertions until, by God's blessing, we shall redeem ourselves and the Government from all support of that institution.

But, Sir, I will express my thanks to the gentleman from South Carolina for bringing this subject before us in its present form. It is now under consideration, and must be disposed of; and I most devoutly thank my God that he has permitted me to see a time when Northern men must act; when there is no way of evading this question; when the doughties of this body will be constrained to publicize it, and that the whole world will be made to know in this session of Congress; and that such action will be public, and their voices placed on record, so that their constituents and the country may know and bear witness to the manner in which they have conducted the question before us. Will they vote to tax their constituents, at the direction of Southern members, to pay a fugitive slave who ran away from Maryland thirty years ago? Will they do it, or they must refuse to do it. They must now serve God or Mammon. They can no longer act both ways. The subject will soon be decided by the members of this body, and it will be pronounced by each member, yes or no, to be pronounced by each member.

It has been said that we desire to keep this money in the Treasury. I, Sir, have no such wish. God forbid it is the price of blood. It was obtained from Great Britain by the Executive without consulting this body. The treaties and conventions were negotiated, and the money obtained by the treaty-making power, with which we have no right to interfere. The President and Senate undertook to act as the agent and attorney for the slaveholders.

They obtained the money from Great Britain; they have no right to it; and when they or their heirs call for it at the Treasury, they must receive it, whether the demand be made this year or a century hence. The board, therefore, is nothing more or less than a protestation to pay for the slave upon this sole covenant, and a total disregard of our pledged faith.

If there be one cent more than to meet those claims, than there has been a mistake or fraud on our part. In 1842, as Chairman of the Committee of Claims, I had correspondence with the Department on this subject, and was then informed that about four thousand dollars of this fund had not then been paid out to those to whom it was due

with prayer by as many pious hypocrites, headed by the Rev. Mr. Brainerd, of this city.

On Wednesday the reverse of the comedy was going on in Independence Square, where General Cass and Thomas H. Benton were holding a levee for the accommodation of the Democracy. They both looked jaded and exhausted, and Mr. Benton particularly seemed just on the point of giving up the ghost. As for the General, he looked as if the crowd could not, by any possibility, presume too far upon his good-nature. In the meantime General Houston, (his Herculean frame towering above the crowd that followed him,) was scouring the walks of the square, pausing every few hundred yards, in order to allow the gratified democracy a view of the animal standing. Nothing was wanting to complete the spectacle but the tambourine and the dancing bear. The trio left for your city in the morning train.

A National Reform Convention has also been in session in the city for several days. I attended but one of its meetings owing to want of time, but I am told that they were all highly interesting. Mrs. Townsend, a delegate to the Convention from Rhode Island, made a very animated speech, declaring that a genuine philanthropy extended to the whole human race, to the black as well as to the white men. During the discussions relative to the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, a test was introduced, the effect of which was to exclude slaveholders from the nomination. One individual from New York expressed his desire to know whether he was attending the sessions of a National Reform Convention, or of an "abolition click," to which Mr. Snodgrass, of Baltimore very properly retorted by saying that he wished to know whether the Convention was a pro-slavery clique. The slave party, I am informed, withdrew on the adoption of the test, or in short, for doing what the others only threaten or recommend to do.

The trial of the most prominent of the Young Ireland party, and the greatest and most daring offender under the new act, John Mitchell, is to take place to day. He is the editor of the United Irishman, a paper distinguishing above all those ever published in Ireland for the audacity of its language and its outspoken hostility to the continuance of any shape or form of English Governmental or aristocratic influence in Ireland. His style is earnest, nervous, clear, and forcible. He says the very things, and in the very way that the mass of the people like them to be said. He panders to the full to their national antipathies, denounces political economy, the landlords, the Government, and O'Connellism. This O'Connellism you must know, means those ridiculous professions of the Great Agitator, as to the value of moral force, in obtaining measures of political amelioration—and of all revere whatever being dearly purchased at the expense of a single drop of blood. These doctrines were ridiculous, because O'Connell's whole career was a contradiction to them. His wealth was spent in aiming at political changes by the agency of talk, aided by the exhibition of physical force, and of well managed threats to what so many millions of men could do if provoked to desperation. Mitchell disowns O'Connellism altogether, scorns this practice of inducing the people to pay for "work and labour done" by their political leaders, and lastly, he makes no appeal to the priests. Most of the priests stand aloof from him—a few are his open staunch adherents, but all, with few exceptions, would, I doubt not, heartily rejoice if he could do all that he threatens to do.

The great majority of the Irish people—that is to say, all the poor Irish—are heart and soul for Mitchell's objects, but they are more with the priests, and if ever we have an Irish Republic, (which Heaven forbid!) whoever may be the Conscript Fathers, the clergy will pull the strings and rule the roost. Mitchell is, I believe, an attorney by profession—but he has thrown away the law since he embarked on the stormy sea of politics. He is a fine looking fellow—with the air of great energy, earnestness, and determination. His private character is said to be good, and I have no doubt whatever of his uprightness and disinterestedness. He seems to have become crazed by brooding over the past wrongs and present misery of Ireland, and have come to the resolution that no change she could make by any means, could be for the worse. Believing, as I do, that the sword is the clumsiest and least efficient of all ways of making wrong right, and being convinced that the people would be utterly at the mercy of the Government, and their well appointed forces, in the event of an outbreak, I look on the projects of these fanatical patriots with unmixed abhorrence—as no! only wicked, but foolish and mistaken. Yet I cannot help sympathizing with such a man as Mitchell, with all his wrong-headedness. I know that he has cause to be angry. I have faith in his integrity. I cannot but admit that much of what he says is true, and in the present state of exasperation and alienation that exists towards England, and with the consciousness that the maintenance of our aristocratic form of Government is inconsistent with all measures necessary to the prosperity of Ireland, I feel that there is little hope for this unfortunate country. I do not doubt that as far as consists with the interests of their class, the intentions of the English Government towards Ireland are good; but they are Englishmen—and as such they cannot help partaking of that dislike and contempt which prevail in England towards Ireland. The English papers, particularly those published in London, are full of the most galling and contemptuous language respecting us. This might be very natural if it were exhibited by undisguised conquerors, but coming from those who claim a union with us, and resent its repeal as the death blow of their national greatness, it is seems very odd. I admit, that a vast majority of the Irish people are steeped in poverty, prejudice, superstition, and ignorance—that they live in miserable dwellings, rendered more wretched by sloth and the absence of cleanliness, and the appliances of civilization—but I say that with our past history and the present state of the law that regulate landed property, it would be impossible that things could be otherwise. Whilst the tenant farmer holds by a short lease, or at the will of his landlord, he would be a fool to build himself a good house, or drain his land, or manure it, or attempt rotations of crops, or to any of those things which are indispensable to the improvement of his land, because the landlord may eject him and take possession of all his improvements. In fact, as masters stand, the struggle is between the property and the people of Ireland. So far the former have the upper hand, as they certainly have the Government entirely on their side.

It would be difficult to give you an idea of the excitement caused by the trial of Mitchell amongst all our politicians. There is a much larger class here than with you, who care nothing for politics, and ask nothing about them. It is said that the jury is packed—that is to say, selected from a class known to be unfavourable to the prisoner—and I believe it. This being the case, he has no chance of escape; and as threats are the order of the day, it has been threatened, amongst other things, that even if he should be convicted and sentenced to transportation, the Young Irelanders would not allow him to be removed from the country. If they had been in earnest they would have kept the intention to themselves. But being only a parcel of silly youths, they could not. The result is, that the Government is said to have taken extraordinary precautions against a surprise, and that if he were a conviction, Mitchell will be immediately removed from Ireland. Four war steamers came into Dublin yesterday, in addition to some that were already there. He is a sanguine man who can look forward to bright days for Ireland, through the gloom of famine, poverty, and evil passions that hang over her head.

The Emperor of Austria has fled from Vienna; things are extremely unsettled in France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. The strongest condemnation of the past state of all these countries, as well as of Ireland, is to be found in their present condition. If they had been properly governed, with a view to the good of the people instead of the aggrandizement of the rulers, their present struggle for a better state of things would not be accompanied, as it is, by violence, convulsions, and anarchy.

With all our troubles, we have charming weather and very present prospect of a fine harvest. I suppose that here never was a greater breadth of land south than is now to be seen. If some bad laws were abolished, many soldiers in Dublin could be found in all the United States previous to your late glorious fray into Mexico. All our principal public buildings—Trinity college, the Bank of Ireland, the Linen Hall, the Dublin Society

House, and every place that could be employed as a barracks is crammed with soldiers. Wherever you go, you see red coats; regiments of Highlanders, Riflemen, Artillery with trains of huge cannon, parade the streets with all the ostentation of military array, swords sounds and glittering bayonets. The Young Irelanders have nothing to oppose to all this but the wordy war of speeches and newspaper articles. And for their speeches and articles the Government is now prosecuting them. It must be admitted that they did not begin till they had ample provocation. I do n't believe, that since the first formation of Governments, such defiant language has so long been allowed to pass unnoticed. Until within a few weeks the law for the punishment of sedition writing or speaking was extremely indefinite in Ireland, while it subjected the offender in England to the penalties of high treason, including hanging, drawing, quartering, and so forth. By a recent act passed to meet this discrepancy, the law has been assimilated in both countries, the offence of deliberate writing and speaking, with a view to excite any thing against the Queen, (that is the Government,) for the purpose of depriving her of her royal dignity, or obliging her by threats of force or violence to change her measures, is constituted a felony, punishable with transportation for life, or for any term not less than seven years. The punishment of death is abolished for this offence, but remains as before for the actual crime of taking up arms with this object, or in short, for doing what the others only threaten or recommend to be done.

The trial of the most prominent of the Young Ireland party, and the greatest and most daring offender under the new act, John Mitchell, is to take place to day. He is the editor of the United Irishman, a paper distinguishing above all those ever published in Ireland for the audacity of its language and its outspoken hostility to the continuance of any shape or form of English Governmental or aristocratic influence in Ireland. His style is earnest, nervous, clear, and forcible. He says the very things, and in the very way that the mass of the people like them to be said. He panders to the full to their national antipathies, denounces political economy, the landlords, the Government, and O'Connellism. This O'Connellism you must know, means those ridiculous professions of the Great Agitator, as to the value of moral force, in obtaining measures of political amelioration—and of all revere whatever being dearly purchased at the expense of a single drop of blood. These doctrines were ridiculous, because O'Connell's whole career was a contradiction to them. His wealth was spent in aiming at political changes by the agency of talk, aided by the exhibition of physical force, and of well managed threats to what so many millions of men could do if provoked to desperation. Mitchell disowns O'Connellism altogether, scorns this practice of inducing the people to pay for "work and labour done" by their political leaders, and lastly, he makes no appeal to the priests. Most of the priests stand aloof from him—a few are his open staunch adherents, but all, with few exceptions, would, I doubt not, heartily rejoice if he could do all that he threatens to do.

In Boston, 2d instant, LOUISA CATHERINE, wife of M. D. Kimball, and daughter of T. B. Wales, Esq. aged 36. In Salem, Hon. JOSHUA HOLYOKE, WARD, aged 39, only son of the late Joshua Ward, and grandson of the late venerable and venerated Augustus Holoyoke.

In Greenville, (S. C.) May 24, EMMALE E. wife of Hon. Waddy Thompson, for many years M. C. from South Carolina, and subsequently Minister to Mexico.

In Oregon, Koenig, formerly Johnson, author of the 10th edition of "Oregon Journal," brother of the editor of "The Blackstone Chronicle," aged about 45 years.

On the 1st instant, at her residence, St. John's Woods, (England,) aged 41 years, Mrs. Anderson, the vocalist, daughter of Bartolozzi, the celebrated engraver, and sister to Madame Vestris.

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SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE—Arrival of the Acadia.

The steamship *Acadia*, Capt. Jarvis, arrived here on Saturday morning, about 11 o'clock, in a little less than fourteen days from Liverpool. We have collated from various sources, all the news she brings. It will be observed to be of considerable interest.

FRANCE—The festival of the Champ de Mars, which has been postponed from time to time, was held on the 21st inst. It passed off without the slightest disturbance.

The congratulatory Resolutions of the United States Congress had been communicated to the Government by Mr. Rush, the American Minister.—They were replied to in a brief speech by M. de Lamartine, and a Committee appointed to prepare an address to be sent to the United States Government.

A debate ensued in the Assembly on the 23d inst. on the affairs of Poland, in which M. Lamartine reiterated the principles of non-interference, which he has before avowed.

A decree of Exile is proposed of the Orleans Family. The President of the Assembly had received letters from the Prince de Joinville, and the Ducs d'Aumale, and de Nemours, protesting against the Decree. A sort of diary, purporting to have been kept by de Joinville, and breathing the most liberal spirit, has been published in the *Press*. The purpose of its publication was doubtless to pave the way for the return of the Prince to France, either as a Prince, the clergy will pull the strings and rule the roost.

Mitchell is, I believe, an attorney by profession—but he has thrown away the law since he embarked on the stormy sea of politics. He is a fine looking fellow—with the air of great energy, earnestness, and determination.

His private character is said to be good, and I have no doubt whatever of his uprightness and disinterestedness.

He seems to have become crazed by brooding over the past wrongs and present misery of Ireland, and have come to the resolution that no change she could make by any means, could be for the worse.

Believing, as I do, that the sword is the clumsiest and least efficient of all ways of making wrong right, and being convinced that the people would be utterly at the mercy of the Government, and their well appointed forces, in the event of an outbreak, I look on the projects of these fanatical patriots with unmixed abhorrence—as no! only wicked, but foolish and mistaken. Yet I cannot help sympathizing with such a man as Mitchell, with all his wrong-headedness. I know that he has cause to be angry. I have faith in his integrity. I cannot but admit that much of what he says is true, and in the present state of exasperation and alienation that exists towards England, and with the consciousness that the maintenance of our aristocratic form of Government is inconsistent with all measures necessary to the prosperity of Ireland, I feel that there is little hope for this unfortunate country. I do not doubt that as far as consists with the interests of their class, the intentions of the English Government towards Ireland are good; but they are Englishmen—and as such they cannot help partaking of that dislike and contempt which prevail in England towards Ireland. The English papers, particularly those published in London, are full of the most galling and contemptuous language respecting us. This might be very natural if it were exhibited by undisguised conquerors, but coming from those who claim a union with us, and resent its repeal as the death blow of their national greatness, it is seems very odd. I admit, that a vast majority of the Irish people are steeped in poverty, prejudice, superstition, and ignorance—that they live in miserable dwellings, rendered more wretched by sloth and the absence of cleanliness, and the appliances of civilization—but I say that with our past history and the present state of the law that regulate landed property, it would be impossible that things could be otherwise. Whilst the tenant farmer holds by a short lease, or at the will of his landlord, he would be a fool to build himself a good house, or drain his land, or manure it, or attempt rotations of crops, or to any of those things which are indispensable to the improvement of his land, because the landlord may eject him and take possession of all his improvements. In fact, as masters stand, the struggle is between the property and the people of Ireland. So far the former have the upper hand, as they certainly have the Government entirely on their side.

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Miscellany.

From Howitt's Journal.

LAMARTINE.

(Translated from the French of M. de Cormenin.)

BY GOODMAN BARNEY.

In loving, praying, singing, see my life."

LAMARTINE, 1820.

Social labour is the daily and obligatory work of every one who participates in the perils and benefits of society."

LAMARTINE, 1839.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE was born at Mâcon, the 21st of October, 1790; his family name was De Prat; he has lately taken the name of his maternal uncle. His father was major of a regiment of cavalry under Louis XVI, and his mother was daughter of Madame des Rois, under governess of the Princes of Orleans. Attached thus to the old order of things, his family was broken down by the Revolution, and his most early recollections carried them back to a sombre jail, where he went to visit his father. Those most wicked days of terror passed over, and M. de Lamartine retired to an obscure estate at Milly, where his young years calmly glided away. The remembrance of the domestic serenity of his first days has never been effaced from his mind, and at many a later time of his life, as a traveller, and as a poet, he has invoked the sweet images of that humble tower of Milly, with its seven slender trees, his aged father, his grave and affectionate mother, his sisters who were nourished at the same womanly bosom, and those grand trees full of shade, those fields, those mountains, and those valeys, the mute witnesses of the games of a free and happy childhood.

"My mother," says he somewhere, "received from her mother, on the pillow of death, a beautiful Bible, belonging to the Crown, in which she taught me to read when I was a little child. That Bible had engravings on sacred subjects in every page.—When I had recited my lesson well, and read with few errors, the half page of Sacred History, my mother uncovered the engraving, and holding the book open upon her knees, prompted me to look, and explained it to me for my recompense. The silvery affectionate sound, solemn and passionate of her voice, added to all that which she said, a powerful, charming, and love-like accent, which rings again at this moment in my ears, alas! after six years of silence!" Do you not see here the beautiful child with large blue eyes, who was to be Lamartine? Do you not see him leaning on the knees of his mother, listening to her speech, opening his mind to all the harmonies of oriental nature, and drawing from the book of books his first instincts of poetry.

Soon was the child obliged to quit his paternal roof; they sent him to finish his education at Belley, in the college of the Fathers of the Faith. The religious germs which were sown by his mother, developed themselves strongly, in that melancholy solitude of the cloister: the beautiful episode of Ocelyn is full of remembrances imprinted by the calm and austere life of that holy residence.

After his departure from college, M. de Lamartine passed some time at Lyons, made a first brief excursion into Italy, and came to Paris during the last days of the empire. Brought up in the batiste of the imperial régime, M. de Lamartine made his entry into the world without well-knowing to which side he should turn his steps. Far from maternal care, forgetful sometimes of those severe precepts inculcated into his mind, the young man, they say, gave himself up a little to the incitations of vice, dividing his hours between study and the distractions incident to his age, gadding off to make merry with Jussien in the wood of Vincennes, and cutting into whistles the bark of oaks; while dreaming already of literary, especially of dramatic glory, and well received by Talma, who was pleased to hear him recite, with his vibrating and melancholy voice, the unpublished fragments of a tragedy on Saul.

In 1813, the poet revisited Italy; the greater part of his "Meditations" were inspired by its beautiful sky, and that delicious page of the "Harmonies," entitled "First Love," was sounded forth, it is believed, by some, sweet first mystery of the heart buried within a tomb. At the fall of the empire he offered his services to the ancient race, who had the blood and the love of his fathers, and was entered in company of the guards.

After the Hundred Days, M. de Lamartine quitted the service. One passion absorbed him entirely—that passion made his glory. Love came and agitated the fountain of poesy which slumbered in the depths of his soul. It was needful to open a passage for the gushing wave. The object of that mysterious passion, that loving and loved Elvira was snatched from his arms by death. She lived again in his verse. Lamartine sung to give eternity to her name, and France consecrated him her poet.

This was in 1820. The mythological, descriptive, and refined versifiers of the Voltairean school, had completely murdered poetry, that one wished for no more. A young man, scarcely recovered from a cruel illness, his visage pale by suffering, and covered with a veil of sickness, on which could be read the loss of a worshipped being, went timidly hawking about, from bookseller's to bookseller's, a poor little copy book of verses, wet with tears. Every where they politely shifted off the poetry and the poet. At last a bookseller, less prudent, or perhaps engaged by the infinite grace of the young man, decided to accept the MS. so often refused. The good-natured bookseller was, I believe, named Nicolle. —

—Thanks to you, M. Nicolle. Posterity owes you a remembrance. Who knows, but that without you, the discouraged poet would perhaps have hurried into the flames his precious treasure, and the world might have lost Lamartine.

The book was printed, and thrown, without name, without interest, in that stormy sea, which then as now, swallowed up so many thousand volumes.—You remember it in its modest 18mo, thrown perhaps by chance into your hands when you were fifteen, with a hopeful soul and a loving heart. No name, no preface, nothing pastoral, nothing warlike, nothing noisy—"Poetic Meditations" only. You have opened it carelessly; you have glanced at the first two lines—

Often on the mountain by an ancient oak-tree brown, At the setting of the sun I have lain me sadly down. You have found that it is not very bad. You have continued—you are arrived at the last stanza—

When falls into the meadow the autumn forest leaf, The evening breeze uplifts it, and whirls it to the vale, And I, alas, resemble those fading leaf of grief, Like it, I am borne along by the stormy northern gale,

Your soul is moved; you have proceeded further, the emotion is redoubled; you have gone on to the very end, and then you have raised a long cry of admiration, you have wept, you have hid up the book under your cushion, that you may re-read it again, for that chaste, melancholy, and veiled love, it was yours; that reverie, soft and sweet, it was yours; that fretting doubt, it was yours; that thought, sometimes smiling, sometimes funeral, passing from despair to hope, from dejection to enthusiasm, from the Creator to the creature; a thought, vague, uncertain, and floating, it was your thought—to you, to us, to all, it was the thought of the age, which had been hived up in the depths of the soul, and which at last had found a language and a form; and what form? A rhythm of celestial melody, a ringing verse full of cadence, and sound which vibrates as sweetly as an Eolian harp, trembling in the evening breeze.

Everything possible has been said on this first work of the poet's. All the world knows by heart the "Ode to Byron," the "Evening," the "Lake and Autumn." In four circles, 45,000 copies of the "Meditations" were circulated. Five years afterwards the sublime voice of "Rene" found an audience, and with one bound only, M. de Lamartine placed himself on the same pedestal, by the side of the demi-gods of the epoch, Chateaubriand, Goethe, and Byron.

This literary success, the most brilliant of the age since the Genius of Christianity, opened to M. de Lamartine the career of a diplomatist. Attached to the embassy at Florence, he departed for Tuscany, and there in its land of inspiration, in the midst of the splendours of an Italian festival, it is said that he heard a foreign voice—a tender and melodious voice, murmuring in his ears, these verses of the "Meditations"—

A hopeless return of the bliss which has flown,
Perhaps in the future is stored for me still,
And perhaps in the crowd a sweet spirit unknown,
Will answer me kindly and know my soul well.

The soul of the poet was known, he found a second Elvira, and some months after he became the happy husband of a young and rich English woman, entirely smitten with his person and his poetry. But M. de Lamartine

From that time to 1825, the poet resided successively at Naples, as Secretary of the Embassy, some while in London in the same office, and then returned to Tuscany in the quality of a Chargé d'Affaires. In the interval, his fortune, already considerable from his marriage, increased again through the inheritance of an opulent uncle, but neither diplomacy nor the splendours of an aristocratic existence were able to tear M. de Lamartine from the worship of poetry.

The "Second Meditations" appeared in 1823.—There was noticed in this new collection, a more correct, more balanced, more precise versification.—The poet had been abroad in the domain of the soul. Grand historic facts had furnished him with noble inspirations. The "Ode to Bonaparte," "Sappho," the "Preludes," and the "Dying Poet" were admired. This volume was also well followed by the "Poetic Sketch of Socrates," and by the last canto of the "Pilgrimage of Childe Harold." In these verses, intended to complete the epic of Byron, the poet flushed with an eloquent tirade on the abasement of Italy:—

Pardon me, shade of Rome! for seek I must
Elsewhere for men, and not in human dust.

This apostrophe appeared offensive to Colonel Pépé, a Neapolitan officer. In the name of his country he demanded satisfaction from M. de Lamartine.—The poet defended his poetry with the sword, and received a severe wound, which for a long while put his life in danger. When scarcely recovered he hastened to intercede with the Grand Duke in favour of his adversary.

After having in 1825 published the "Song of the Sacred," the poet returned to France in 1829, and in the month of May of the same year, appeared the "Harmonies, Poetic and Religious." In that work, the intimate revelation of his every day thought, M. de Lamartine puts everything into memory. Since that sweet hymn of First Love to that gigantic invocation of all human mischief, (*verbis novissima*), the poet had run over that vast poetical gamut which, flowing from reveries, mounted as high as enthusiasm, or descended as low as despair. Less accessible to the vulgar on account of their psychological intuition, and thrown into the midst of a great political commotion, the "Harmonies" remained the book of classic souls, the book which they loved to look over in the silent hours when they collected themselves, to listen for the inward voice.

M. de Lamartine was received at the Academy, and when the Revolution of July broke out, he departed for Greece in the character of Minister Plenipotentiary. The new government offered to present him his title. He refused, but remained to say farewell to three generations of kings, forced by fatality to a new exile. Like M. de Chateaubriand, the poet dreamed that after the three days, there would be an alliance of the past and future, over the head of a child. Destiny decided otherwise. His tribute of sympathy once paid to the unfortunate great, M. de Lamartine dashed gallantly into the new road opened to the mind by the Revolution of July.

The past is nothing more than a dream," said he, "we must regret it, but we ought not to lose the day in weeping for no purpose. It is always lawful, always honourable, for one to take his share in the unhappiness of others, though he ought not gratuitously to take his share in a fault which on

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